

Harlem River at a depth of 307 feet beneath  
the bed of the latter. It would have been less

At all events, the action of the Grand Jury disposes finally of the suspicions and rumors which have been in existence. As for the actual perpetrators of the murder, it seems

have made much of the "practical" evils which would follow the enactment of a law applying the principle of common honesty. We have been told that American printers would be injured. But the typographical unions have petitioned for the passage of the International Copyright bill, which provides that the printing of books by foreign authors shall be done in this country. It was claimed for a time that our publishers would suffer, but, as Mr. Putnam said before the Judiciary Committee, the

astomished beholders. They heaved a sigh of relief. We are now called on again to notice the appearance of the movement, this time at Plattsburg, Clinton County, Mo. The ladies of Plattsburg are up in arms, about the fertile soil of Clinton County is drunk with the fumes of intoxicants. They have laid the axe to the throat of the evil literally, and every blow bursts a barrel hoop or crushes in the head of a keg. The proceedings commenced at Springfield and Mayville were kindly compared with those at Plattsburg. No kindly flourishing will throw its protecting arms about the Plattsburg liquor-seller—there is no welcome prairie stretching away toward the setting sun to swallow him up.

In the account of the Plattsburg movement which comes from Kansas City we learn many of the details. It appears that a certain Thomas Ward, an ardent hater, conducted a drinking place in Plattsburg, and the first demonstration was made against him. All the ladies of the town joined the movement, including the wives of the postmaster, the marshal, the

Now that the unexpected has happened, it will be generally admitted that a very good means of burning down the Toronto University building was adopted when two men started to carry a tray loaded with lighted lamps up a steep and slippery staircase. One end of the tray was higher than the other, the lamps began to slide, the rear carrier "stood from under," and in a few moments the whole structure was in a blaze. A great loss has seldom been due to a more exasperating piece of foolishness.

She-Why. Lorenzo Jones! You back again? I thought you went off in a huff, Tuesday night, and bade me a final farewell?"

Ho-Well-yes-er, so I did, Lucy, but you see, it was only a Patti farwell.-(Burlington Press,

ck L. Burden has

The Hon. Frederick L. Burden has had a third stroke of paralysis, and now lies critically ill at his home at Allentown, Pa.

It is gravely asserted that Lord Randolph Churchill has never crossed London Bridge nor visited the Tower.

Mr. A. W. Bond will probably not assume the duties of the Boston Collector until next month.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. Green will leave the Lafayette Street Presbyterian Church of Boston next week pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Orange, N. J.

The Rev. Charles Martin Lyles, assistant minister of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, will enter upon the rectorship of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt., on Sunday next.

"The mother of the Empress Augusta," says a German paper, "was Maria Paulowna, a princess who seemed to be created for the exalted place which she held. She early impressed upon her daughters the duties which they owed to their position and birth. Augusta often told how she was obliged to practice giving an audience before a number of empty chairs. Maria Paulowna brought up her children according to the strictest and most inexorable code. Self-control she believed to be a cardinal virtue. Once when Augusta had worked and toiled long and hard she complained of being tired, as any child would do. 'A princess,' said the mother in answer, 'must never be tired.' The remark was never forgotten by Augusta. She also brought her political convictions from Weimar. Although she had become intimately acquainted with the despots of Russia as a young woman, that acquaintance never influenced her political creed. Her liberal mind was attracted more to the liberal ideas of England. Carl August was, too, in that regard, a model German prince, and the first to fulfil the provisions of a constitutional government. His grandfather always remained true to the liberal ideas and opinions learned at Weimar in her youth."

So certain has Mr. Gladstone been during the last five years of his ultimate success of the Home Rule movement, and of his eventual resumption of the Premiership, that when he left office upon the fall of his Government in 1886, he stored away most of his bric-a-brac and other household gods in the garrets of the Prime Minister's official residence at 10, Downing-st., where they remain to this day. When his son's marriage took place a fortnight since, the Duke of Devonshire presented a pair of magnificent porcelain vases as a present for the bride. He accordingly sent a man to Downing-st., with the keys of the upper rooms of the prime minister's residence, and the other treasures still remain, undisturbed by the Tory Government, and will only be removed on the Duke's retirement from public life of their remarkable owner.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

"The Philadelphia Record" is forced to admit that even if Mr. Andrew Carnegie scoops money out of the pockets of the rich with unpurring hand, it must be said of him that he gives it back to the people of Pittsburgh with princely munificence.

"How much did Fuller leave when he died?"  
"About \$50,000, I should say."  
"What! In cash?"  
"No, unpaid."—(Tolstoi Blade.

The Democrats plead that the new House rules will lead to extravagance. True enough. They had led to some very extravagant statements from the Bourbon benches.

Count, Mr. Speaker, count with care.  
Count every Democrat in his chair.  
Countings or no brain, count him there.  
Whether he howl, or whether he swear,  
Even though his clothes be bare,  
Count him, and count him in the rear.  
Be nervy, firm and debonair,  
Do not sweat nor turn a hair.  
Keep good count of the temple  
And count every Democrat in his chair:  
Count, and let them paw the air.  
Rip, and roar, and yell, and relapse,  
And all the same you count them there.  
—(Indianapolis Journal.

One of the most interminable law suits ever tried in Austria-Hungary was recently brought to an end in Budapest. Bishop Ladislaus Demendy died in 1419, and, besides the ancestral estates of Teszer and Demendy, left more than 100,000 acres of land to his heirs. The sway of the Turks, however, who seized Hungary in 1526, prevented the family from gaining possession of the vast inheritance at the time. But after the Turkish sway was over they took their case to the courts, demanded their rights, and secured a judgment recognizing their title and ordering the restitution in integrum. The division of the land was, however, no easy matter. The number of heirs had increased greatly in the meantime, and it was difficult to decide which of the many had a right to share in the inheritance. The first suit, brought by the various pretenders, was begun on September 15, 1768, and the final decision obtained after a lapse of 121 years. The estate has been controlled, in the meantime, by a family council, but the costs of administration have been so great that only 38,000 forins remained to represent the former great fortune. Three hundred years ago the heirs attended the funeral of the deceased, and the lawyer of the family had before them a huge document containing the family tree in all its numerous branches. For this he received 10,000 forins, in addition to 6,000 forins voted him for his services during the last three years. Consequently but 22,000 forins remained to be divided among the 2,000 heirs. The share of each amounted to 11 forins, after waiting 470 years.

Artful Dodge.—Quite a spell we've having?  
Officer (putting on the handcuffs)—Yes, quite a cold snap.—(Boston Herald.

The hands of Greece who furnished Edmund About with material for "The King of the Mountains," thirty years ago, still hold almost undisputed sway in certain parts of the peninsula. In the Peloponnesus, the family of Lyngos has had a virtual monopoly in robbery for decades. The original leader, who lost his life in 1870, was one of the most popular men of his day. His name still lives in numerous folk songs which praise him as a genuine hero, and recount his deeds as the most extravagant and flaming of romances. Chief Lyngos preferred to kill his victims on Sundays in the neighborhood of the village churches. Being a good and pious "Christian," he was thus enabled to "kiss the cross" before making his arrests and thus hallow his actions. His brothers, who lived in Epirus, remained true to the family traditions. They were finally captured, however, and together with their accomplices beheaded. Chief Lyngos himself was killed finally by his nephew, who had acquired a reputation for daring bravery in the Peloponnesus almost equal to that of his far famed uncle. He was captured, however, a few days ago and now awaits his fate behind the prison bars of one of the villages which he often pillaged in days gone by.

When spring brings back the smiling year,  
And nature's warblers reappear,  
And buds upon the boughs are seen,  
And all begins to dry the ground,  
The small boy in his frock is found,  
And he is less happy than when he  
Rushed down the "coast" so merrily.  
He'll put away the sleds and skates  
And now he plays with his new mates.  
Fall of excitement through his veins the young blood  
Swiftly flows.  
"It is no small affair for him; not when he plays for  
leaps."  
"The boy is father of the man," this boyish pastime  
shows.  
He'll play for keeps with stocks and bonds for marbles  
when he grows.  
—(Boston Courier.

The winnings of Melchor Farkas, the lottery swindler, who was arrested a short time ago in Temesvar, amount all told, to 655,000 gulden. During the quarter of a century in which he carried on his nefarious practices, he paid 100,000 gulden for tickets and "chances." His first modest attempt in 1853 was rewarded with a prize of 20,000 gulden. In 1856 he drew 38,000 gulden. In 1857, when he again drew 33,000 gulden at the first drawing and 16,000 at the second. In 1853 he added 20,000 gulden to his fortune from the same source. In 1857 he drew 20,000 gulden; in 1858 15,000, 19,000 and 16,000 gulden in three different lotteries. Last year he drew 12,000 gulden at one time and 450,000 gulden at another. This great luck brought about his downfall.

He—Perhaps you won't believe me, but I never laugh at an inferior.  
She—Of course I believe you. It would be impossible for you to do such a thing.—(Boston Transcript.

Probably nothing better illustrates the great progress which Japan has made in the last quarter of a century than the 475 newspapers which are now published in the Empire. Sixteen of these are issued daily in Tokio. Each officer of the Government is obliged to be a subscriber to the Government organ "Kwanpo." In 1856 the 403 newspapers consisted of 23 political, 2 military, 119 scientific, 10 literary, 38 governmental, 21 commercial, 25 medical and 5 literary journals. The most important of these bearing names equivalent to daily news, and progress. The "Tokio Independent," which was published in several different languages, suspended publication two years ago.

She—Why, Lorenzo Jones? You back again? I thought you went off in a huff, Tuesday night, and bade the old Adam farewell. I thought you were gone.  
He—Yes, I did, but I did, Lucy, but you see, it was only a part farewell.—(Burton Press.